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THE CLASS OF 1950 presents





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THESE PAGES SILENT RECORD KEEP OF SCHOOLHOOD DAYS — OF FRIENDSHIP DEEP OF FUN AND LAUGHTER, MIXED WITH TEARS THE BRIMMING CUP OF YOUTH'S SHORT YEARS.

5596

'IN A





Seated left to right—J. Willis, M. Lundgren, N. Rosnell, M. Marzelli, E. Veronesi, G. Grippen, M. Cyr, and J. Poirier.

Standing—C. Kohl, R. Sawyer, H. Anderson, D. Thayer, J. Metcalf, P. Leighton, and E. Turner.

Climber Staff

Editor-in-chief—Marilyn Marzelli

Associate Editors-	-Geraldine Grippen	Head Typist—	Ella Veronesi
	Jean Poirier	Assistants—	Jo Ann Welch
	Ruth Sawyer		Betty Borges
	Patricia Leighton		Joan Merchant
Business Manager-	-David Thayer		Dorothy Chaves
Assistants—	Howard Anderson		Netta Mazza
	Marjorie Lundgren		Nancy Lyseth
	Carol Kohl		Joan Caller
	June Metcalf		Charles Bunker
Art Editor—	Nancy Rosnell		Phyllis Dillenschneider
Assistants—	Eleanor Turner	Innian Mambana	Danald Swangan
	Carol Kohl	Junior Members—	
Photography			Neil Manzer

Advisor-Mr. Wm. Henry Moss

Marjorie Cyr

Jean Willis

Editor-

Assistant-

DEDICATION



To Miss Yukna, who has willingly helped and guided our Senior Class in all its activities, we dedicate this issue of the Climber.



Principal's Address

To the Class of 1950:

Perhaps the most significant commentary on the fine achievements of the Class of 1950 is that many of your accomplishments took place during a period of adversity and were accompanied by the discouraging mouthings of those who said in many ways that it couldn't be done. There is no need for me to repeat for you all the pat phrases of the pessimist who prefers to make no effort to accomplish anything.

Throughout your lives you will hear those phrases in one form or another: "This isn't the time to do it." "It's never been done." "Things are too tough this year." "Perhaps we ought to study it further." This year you disregarded those cautious phrases and succeeded in many fine accomplishments, among which is an annual of which we can all be proud. You have produced an enviable record of cooperation and of progress despite circumstances which may loom foreboding now, but which will be relegated to insignificance as the years pass.

The lesson is an obvious one, one which I hope you will carry with you always. The smallness of man is measured by the little things which trip him up; the greatness of man is determined by the size of the obstacles he overcomes. The Class of 1950 has demonstrated the ability to overcome obstacles. As a group and as individuals that spirit will carry you far. The future holds bright promises for those who meet its challenges. Your teachers, parents, and friends wish you Godspeed.

RICHARD A. GRODIN Principal



Seated left to right-Mr. Moss, Mrs. Chadwick, Mrs. Tufts, Mr. Grodin, Mrs. Miller, Miss Yukna, and Mr. Viens.

Standing-Mr. Pauli, Mrs. Johnson, Mr. Howland, Miss Rylander, Mr. Hawkes, Mrs. Viens, Mr. Jackson, and Miss Killen.

Faculty

Principal-Mr. Richard Grodin

English Instructor

Mr. Wm. Henry Moss

English, Guidance

Mr. Richard Howland

Commercial

Miss Sarah Yukna

Commercial

Mrs. Katherine Johnson

Foreign Languages

Miss Janice Rylander

Sciences

Mr. Roger Viens

Physical Education

Mr. Walter Pauli

Social Studies

Mr. Winthrop Jackson

Industrial Arts

Mr. Elliot Hawkes

Home Economics

Mrs. Evelyn Viens

Mathematics

Mrs. Dorothy Tufts

Junior High

Miss Jacqueline Killen

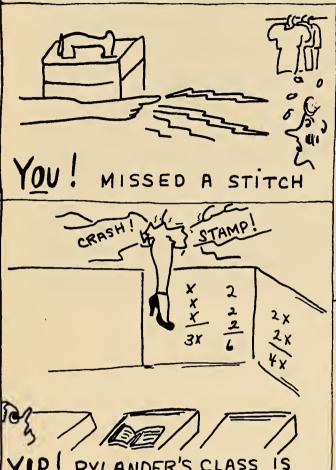
Junior High

Mrs. Teresa Miller

Secretary

Mrs. Annette Chadwick

IFE WITH H.H.S. TEACHERS



YIP! RYLANDER'S CLASS IS PRONOUNCING EN WRONG AGAIN.



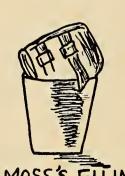
I'm sorry MRS MURPHY. I COULD ONLY DO THIS HALF OF TODAY'S ASSIGNMENT!



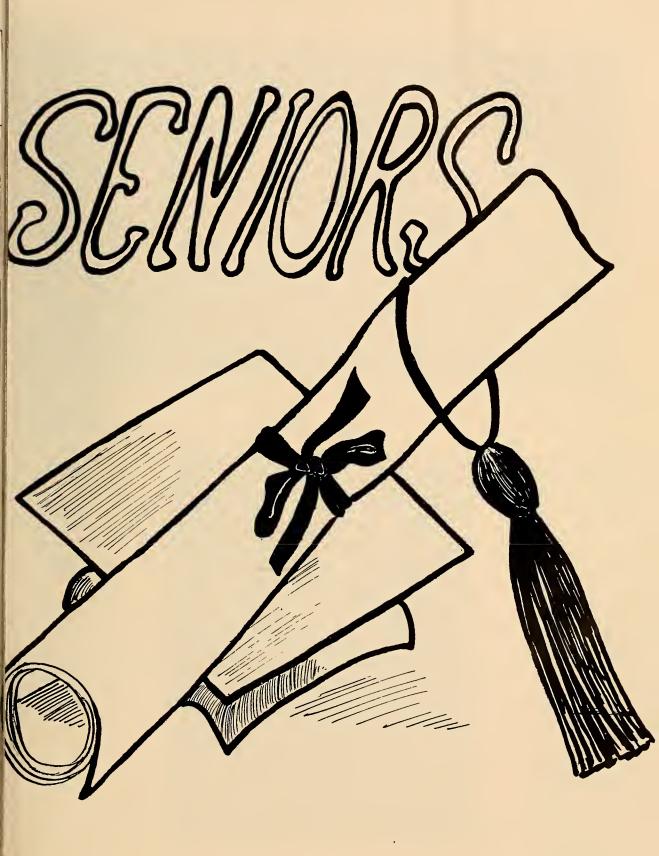
MISS YUKNA'S MISSING PASSES AND BOOKS.



MR. VIENS' BRITTLE FINGERS



MR. MOSS'S FILING
CABINET R



THE SENIOR CLASS



CLASS OFFICERS





HOWARD RALPH ANDERSON

"Andy"

Pattern Maker

"Words never fail him, to teachers dismay, He talks continually all through the day."

Class President 1; Baseball 1, 2, 3; Freshman-Sophomore Social 1; Junior Class Play Cast and Property Manager 3; Senior Class Play Cast 4; Climber Staff 4; Camera Club 1, 2; Ring Committee 3; Minstrel Show 3; Senior Class Social Calendar 4.



GEORGE ALTON BAKER

"Clam"

Roadside Stand Operator

"He seems to be for silence made But must one talk to make the grade?"

Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4.



BEATRICE ANN BORGES

"Betty"

Beautician

"A face with gladness overspread Soft smiles by human kindness bred."

Girls' League 1, 2; Pep Club 1, 2; Personality Club 3; Junior Class Plays Cast 3; Junior Usher 3; Junior Class Plays Program Committee 3; Senior Class Play Ticket Committee 4; Sadie Hawkins Dance Refreshments Committee 3; Service Squad 2; Minstrel Show 2, 3; Junior Prom Maypole Dance 3; Christmas Party Committee 4; Junior Prom Queen 3; Climber Staff Assistant Typist 4.

CHARLES STEPHEN BUNKER

"Horse"

Scientist

"The man of life upright,
Whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds
Or thought of vanity."

Football 1, 2, 3, Co-Captain 4; Basketball 3; Sports Club 3; Aeronautics Club President 2; Junior Class Plays 2, 3; Senior Class Play 4; Freshman-Sophomore Social Committee 2; Ticket Committee Sadie Hawkins Dance 3; Christmas Party Committee 4.



JOAN SIGNE CALLER

"Tooty"

Dental Nurse

"Behind her smile and genial air There seems to play a hidden dare."

Typing Club 2; Junior Prom Usher 2; Junior Class Play 2; Junior Usher 3; Refreshment Committee Mardi Gras Dance 3; Pep Club 3; Minstrel Show 3, 4; Senior Class Play 4; Maypole Dance 3; Social Committee 4.



DOROTHY EVA CHAVES

"Dotty"

Girls' Athletic Coach

"Happy am I, from care I'm free! Why aren't they all contented like me?"

Basketball 3, 4; Softball 3, 4, Captain 3; Minstrel Show 2, 3, 4; Maypole Dance 3; Pep Club 1; Junior Prom Usher 1; Girls' League 1, 2; Freshman-Sophomore Social Committee 2; Climber Staff 4; Christmas Party Refreshment Committee 2, 3; Basketball Assistant Manager 1, 2.





MARJORIE EILEEN CYR

Bookkeeper

"With virtue and quietness, one may conquer the world."

Music Club 1; Chorus 1, 2; Nature Club 2; Class Committees 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Council 4; Climber Staff Photography Editor 4.



PHYLLIS AGNES DILLENSCHNEIDER

"Shorty"

"Margie"

Telephone Operator

"She's never sorry for what she doesn't say."

Minstrel Show 2, 3; Softball Team 3; Junior Prom Head Usher 3; Senior Usher 4; Maypole Dance 3; Climber Staff Assistant Typist 4.



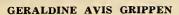
CHARLES EDWIN GARFIELD

"Ghost"

U. S. Navy

"A little nonsense now and then Is relished in the best of men."

Junior Class Play Property Committee 3; Senior Class Social Calendar Committee 4.



"Gerry"

Sport Writer

"She's always good natured, good humored, and free."

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Chorus 3; Junior Class Play 3; Senior Class Play 4; Spring Dance Committee 1; Climber Staff 4; Mardi Gras Ticket Committee 3; Dramatic Club 1; Varsity Club 3; Minstrel Show 2, 3.



MARILYN HODNETT

"Marilyn"

Secretary

"Demure and quiet am I at school But what am I away from rule?"

Chairman for Senior Class Play Program Committee 4.



RICHARD JOHNSON

"Sleepy"

U. S. Navy

"What's the use of all the strife And hurrying pell-mell thru life?"

Football 4; Basketball 3; Captain 4; Nature Club 2.





CAROL JEAN KOHL

Musician

"The outward eye, the quiet will, And the striding heart to do one's will."

Dramatic Club 1; Music Club 1, 2; Class Committees 1, 2, 3, 4; Minstrel Show 2; Nature Club 2; Climber Staff 4.



JANE FRANCES LEACH

"Janie"

Nurse

"Her ready help is always nigh."

Chorus 1, 2, 3; Pep Club 1; Camera Club 2; Personality Club 3; Girls' League 1, 2; Junior Prom Usher 2; Chairman of Refreshments for Sadie Hawkins Dance and Mardi Gras Dance 3; Senior Class Play Prompter 3; Junior Prom Maypole Dance 3; Senior Class Play 4; Minstrel Show 2, 3, 4.



PATRICIA LUCILLE LEIGHTON

"Pat"

Retailer

"She's little and wise, but quite a terror for her size."

Basketball 1, 2, 4; Sadie Hawkins Dance Committee 3; Junior Class Play Cast 3; Tri-Town Essay Contest First Prize 3; Honorable Mention Essay Contest 4; Football Dance Committee 4; Student Council 1, Secretary 2, Vice-President 3, President 4.

MARJORIE ANN LUNDGREN

"Margie"

Secretary

"But it's not her air, her voice, her face Tho' matching beauty's fabled queen 'Tis the mind that shines in ev'ry grace, An' chiefly in her roguish een. (eyes)"

Senior Class Play 4; Climber Staff 4; Assembly Committee 1, 2; Refreshment Committee for Freshman-Sophomore Social 2; Minstrel Show 2; Dance Committee 2; Personality Club 2; Girls' League 1, 2.



NANCY LORRAINE LYSETH

"Nan"

Legal Secretary

"With equal mind what happens let us bear, Nor joy nor grieve too much for things beyond our care."

Class Secretary 1; Initiation Committee Freshman-Sophomore Social 2; Sadie Hawkins Dance Decoration Committee 3; Chairman Christmas Dance Decoration Committee 3; Mardi Gras Dance Decoration Committee 3; Junior Usher 3; Girls' Softball Manager 3; Girls' League 1, 2, 3; Football Dance Decoration Committee 4; Personality Club 2, 3.



MARILYN ANN MARZELLI

"My"

Nurse

"She may have lots of fun, it's true, But she's on the job when there's work to do."

Basketball 1. 2, 3, Captain 4; Student Council 1. 2, 3; Class Vice President 4; Junior Usher 3; Senior Class Play Cast 4; Softball 3, 4; Class Ring Committee 3; Climber Editor 4; Chairman of Decorations for—Sadie Hawkins Dance 3. Mardi Gras 3, Football Dance 4, St. Patrick's Dance 4; Junior Class Play Committee 3; Prom Committee 3; Initiation Committee Freshman-Sophomore Social 2; Maypole Dance 3; Cake Sale 4; Paper Drive 4.



"Bobby"



ANTOINETTE MARIE MAZZA

Telephone Operator

"Her friends, there are many, Her foes, are there any?

Senior Class Play Cast 4; Junior Usher 3; Freshman-Sophomore Social Committee 2; Basketball 3, 4; Maypole Dance 3; Assembly Committee 2; Minstrel Show 3, 4; Pep Club 1.



JOAN FRANCES MERCHANT

"Merch"

"Meatball"

Telephone Operator

"Unique in habit and in dress What she'll do next, one cannot guess."

Basketball 2, 3, 4; Pep Club 2; Cheerleader 3, 4; Assembly Committee 1; Girls' League 1, 2, 3; Committee for Christmas Party 4; Freshman-Sophomore Social Committee 2; Junior Prom Committee 3; Minstrel Show 2, 3, 4; Climber Staff 4; Social Committee 4.



JUNE WILMA METCALF

"Freckles"

Business Machine Operator

"The readiness of doing doth express No other than the doer's willingness."

Freshman Sophomore Social Committee 2; Softball 3; Assistant Business Manager Climber Staff 4; Mardi Cras Dance Committee 3; Girls' League 1, 2; Junior Prom Committee 3; Minstrel Show 2, 3; Office Help 3, 4; Assembly Committee 1; Junior Class Play Committee 3.

MILDRED LOUISE NOYES

"Millie"

Telephone Operator

"My tongue within my lips I rein; For who talks much must talk in vain."

Softball 3; Mardi Gras Dance Refreshment Committee 3; Junior Class Play Usher 3; Minstrel Show 2, 3; Junior Prom Maypole Dance 3; Football Dance Refreshment Committee 4.



JEAN MARIE POIRIER

"Jeanie"

Secretary

"No fidget and no reformer, just a calm observor of ought and must."

Girls' League 1, 2; Pep Club 1, 2; Personality Club 3; Chorus 1; Service Squad 1; Sadie Hawkins Dance Refreshment Committee 3; Junior Prom Maypole Dance 3; Chairman of the Junior Class Plays Program Committee 3; Senior Class Play Ticket Committee 4; Climber Staff Associate Editor 4; Christmas Party Committee 4; Minstrel Show 2, 3.



FRANK CHESLEY ROLFE

"Frankie"

U. S. Navy

"Who never defers and never demands, But, smiling, takes the world in his hands."

Minstrel Show 2, 3, 4; Junior Class Plays 3; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Minstrel Show Committee 2.





NANCY MARIE ROSNELL

Commercial Artist

"In framing an artist, art hath thus decreased; To make some good, but others to exceed."

Chairman of Publicity—Sadie Hawkins Dance 3; Mardi Gras Dance 3; Junior Prom 3; Junior Class Plays 3; Spring Dance 2; Christmas Dance 3; Benefit Dance 3; Football Dance 4; Senior Class Play 4; Freshman-Sophomore Social Initiation Committee 2; Junior Prom Program Committee 4; Senior Class Play Cast 4; Climber Staff 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Christmas Dance Refreshment Committee 4; Chorus 3; Minstrel Show 3, 4; Sadie Hawkins Ticket Committee 3.



RUTH CAROL SAWYER

"Ruthie"

"Nanc"

Business Machine Operator

"She has a corner of T's Tactful, thorough, and true."

Camera Club 1; Chorus 1, 3; Junior Usher 2; Basketball 3; Minstrel Show 3, 4; Maypole Dance 3; Sadie Hawkins Ticket Committee 3; Mardi Gras Refreshment Committee 3; Junior Class Plays 3; Senior Class Play Candy Committee 4; Junior Class Ring Committee 3; Senior Class Secretary 4; Christmas Dance Refreshment Committee 4; Climber Staff 4.



NANCY LORAINE SHERMAN

"Nanc"

Seamstress

"Asking nothing, revealing naught, But minting her words from a fund of thought."

Music Club 1; Class Secretary 2, 3; Student Council Secretary 4; Personality Club 3; Girls' League 1, 2; Chorus 1, 2; Junior Usher 3; Sophomore Usher 2.

DAVID WARREN THAYER

"Dave"

Public Relations Director

"Rest is rust. Real life is love, laughter, and work."

Class President 2, 3, 4; Football 2, 3, 4; Student Council 2, 3, 4; Junior Class Plays 1, 2, 3; Senior Class Play 4; Business Manager Athletic Benefit Show 1; Business Manager Minstrel Show 2, 3; Howard Fund Essay Contest Winner 3; Boys' State Representative 3; Honorable Mention Tri-Town Essay Contest 4; Chairman Freshman-Sophomore Social 2; Assembly Committee 1, 2, 3; Climber Staff 3, 4.



ELEANOR RUTH TURNER

"Eleanor"

Social Worker

"Who mixed reason with pleasure, Wisdom with mirth."

Pep Club 1, 2, 3; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Sadie Hawkins Dance Committee 3; Mardi Gras Committee 3; Cheerleader 3, 4; Vice-President 3; Football Dance Committee 4; Minstrel Show 2, 3, 4; Junior Class Plays 3; Softball 3; Banker 2, 3; Senior Class Play Committee 4; Social Calendar 4; Art Committee Climber 4; Newspaper Editor 4; Chairman Assembly Committee 2.



ELLA MAE VERONESI

"El"

Private Secretary

"She that was ever fair and proud, Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud."

Junior Class Plays 1, 3; Basketball 1, 2; Cheerleader 2, 3, Captain 4; Softball 3, 4; Mardi Gras Dance Committee 2; Sadie Hawkins Dance 3; Pep Club 2, 3; Chorus 2, 3; Minstrel Show 2, 3, 4.





JO ANN RUTH WELCH

"Joanie"

Bookkeeper

"I've shut the door on yesterday, And thrown the key away— Tomorrow holds no fears for me, Since I have found today!"

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Class Plays 1, 2, 3; Chorus 1, 2, 3; Softball 3; Mardi Gras Dance Refreshment Committee 3; Minstrel Show 2, 3; Senior Class Play 4; Senior Usher 4; Freshman Assembly Committee 1.



JEAN MILDRED WILLIS

"Jeanie"

Nurse

"It's her manner and her smile That make her worthwhile."

Class Treasurer 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Class Play 1, 3; Senior Class Play 4; Sophomore Usher 2; Junior Usher 3; Prom Committee 3; Mardi Gras Dance Committee 2; Freshman-Sophomore Social Committee 2; Sadie Hawkins Dance 3; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Softball 3, 4; Pep Club 1; Typewriter Club 2; Girls' State Representative 3; Minstrel 2, 3, 4; D.A.R. 4; Paper Drive 4; Cake Sale 4.

Class Song

To the tune of "The Stars Will Remember"

Dear Howard we leave you, with memories fond and true, We'll always remember, years with you,
As time goes swiftly onward, our hearts remain the same,
And always we'll treasure, Howard's name.
And now we're passing on, to greater things in life,
But though we leave you—you'll be our guiding light.
Others may forget you, as memories fade and die,
But we'll always remember—Howard High.

Nancy Rosnell Ruth Sawyer

Class Superlatives

Best Looking Girl Joan Merchant
Best Looking Boy Howard Anderson
Most Popular Girl Marilyn Marzelli
Most Popular Boy David Thayer
Best Dressed Girl Ruth Sawyer
Best Dressed Boy David Thayer
Most Athletic Girl Jo Ann Welch
Most Athletic Boy Charles Bunker
Most Efficient
Most Likely to Succeed
Best Actress Geraldine Grippen
Best Actor Howard Anderson
Class Pessimist Eleanor Turner
Best Mannered Nancy Sherman
Silliest Phyllis Dillenschneider

Class Ode

To you, Oh Howard High, we give our hearts, Though no edifice stands to bear your name. United in spirit and ever true, Your kind and useful teachings we acclaim.

And our hearts have gathered memories, as Each happy school year fades and disappears; Now fragrant thoughts will cherish Howard High, Your proms and parties, our joys and tears.

We vainly try to be most casual. For this is not the time nor place for fear. But as we sail from your sheltered harbors, The rugged, distant shores look vaguely drear.

The future offers something different For each one, obscurity or success, But our years at Howard have given a Heritage, to treasure as we progress.

Patricia Leighton
Eleanor Turner

Howard High Daze

There are many things that have happened during our four years at Howard High that are not particularly important, but we know we shall

always remember them.

How we have changed!! Do you recall our first day at Howard as meek eighth graders? Remember General Science classes with Mr. Gori, and the three years we spent in room 2 of the old building? We'll never forget the U. S. History classes—the ordeals that we used to put Mr. Jackson through. Remember the day he had to pull down the shades to make us pay attention and the volume of "Lady Godiva" which we presented to him as a belated birthday gift!! Who could forget that "never to be forgotten" Maypole Dance at the prom, and Jo Anne's untimely spills? Remember listening to the World Series at the old building, and how Gerry used to run home every day to listen to the Red Sox? Remember that fishing sign that took a notion to fall, and the improvised dressing rooms? An accustomed sight was Eldridge's truck, plus all its gadgets, with Dave at the wheel and Howie lending his assistance. Do you remember the Paper Drive—playing basketball at Crescent Street and pushing Howie's truck? Everyone will recall his trip to Nantucket in '49 and Nantucket's return trip for basketball. Remember the party at Marilyn's after the game? Mr. Hawkes certainly has a yen for telling stories, but who could forget the tales he told us? Remember the day Mr. Moss sat on a tack in 12B English class? Mrs. Viens' pet peeve-yawning in class? Remember Dave and Marilyn, ventriloquists extraordinary? Who could ever forget the Southern Dixicrats in our Civics class elections? Howard High has a new hit song "R.A.G. MOP" Does it sound familiar? Remember those radio programs that 12B presented in assemblies? Who could forget the game that Jo Ann forgot her sneakers, and had to borrow Jimmy Perkins'. Do you remember the bewildered look of the seventh graders each year as they come to our many dances—The Sadie Hawkins and Mardi Gras Dances especially; and making the hats for that Mardi Gras Dance? We all remember how much fun it was to make up initiations for the Freshman-Sophomore Social. Do you Commerical students remember the many times that you locked Mrs. Johnson out of Bookkeeping classes? How about those fictitious (?) names and addresses that you made up in Typing? We will all remember the Blue Ladies of the '49 Minstrel Show. None will forget Mr. Grodin's usual comment on Thursdays, "Return to your rooms and file to the assembly hall in an orderly fashion." Remember the day Nancy, Marilyn, and Dave got stranded in Plymouth and had to bring back the bill for proof? Do you College students recall the bewilderment when you first had Mrs. Murphy in Geometry? We'll never forget the trouble twins-Rolfe and Garfield. Remember those rides over Drury Lane in the truck, and the day Ella got electrocuted in Mr. Grodin's yard? Remember the fun dancing to our favorite records at noon time in the old building-"Up the Lazy River"-"In the Mood", and all the many others? Remember those speeches during the football pep rallies—"Mr. Pauli will say a few words." "Mr. Howland would you like to say something?" "Let's hear from our Co-Captains." Bunker and Moriera "Er-ahem!!" Remember how "The Singapore Spider" scared all the youngsters in the audience?

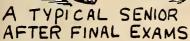
The Juniors' outing at Fearing Pond—The rides to and from the games on the bus—The apple pie Howie baked for English class—The times we ran out of gas—The Memorial Day Assembly we presented as Freshmen—Eating at the Knotty Pine—Eleanor's arguments—The times we missed school—Our pretty Prom Queen, Betty Borges—The day when we had eleven boys in the class—The Minstrel show rehearsals—Howie's sight-seeing tour after the Senior Class Play—Frank's mishap with the

dancing girls in the minstrel show-!!

Who could ever forget the old Howard High building and all the memories it held?

BOUT THE SENIORS . . .







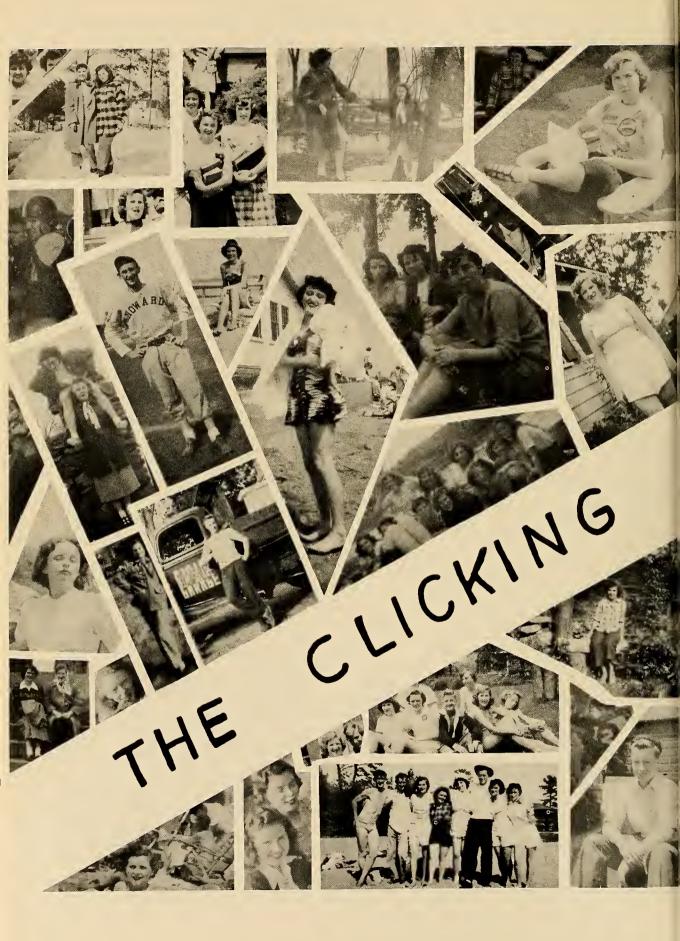
"TAKE YOUR TIME, BUNKER, I REALIZE
IT'S DIFFICULT TO HEAR WITH SO
MANY PROMPTING"

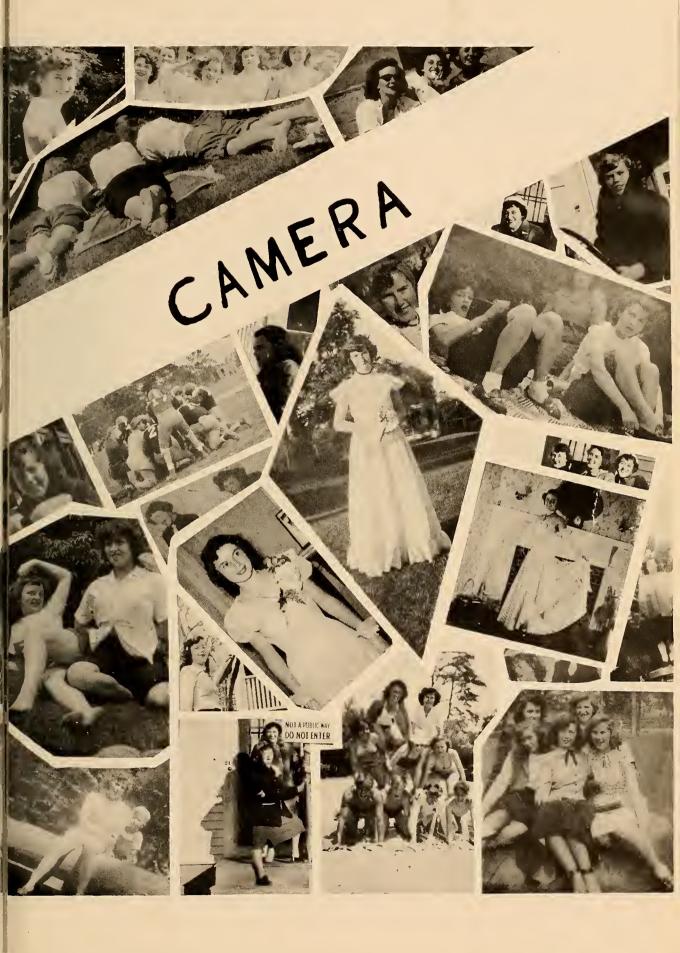




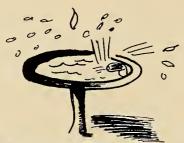








OLD HOWARD HIGH MEMORIES



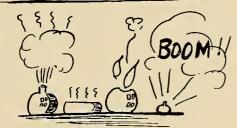
BEMEMBER THOSE STRONG SHOOTING BUBBLERS ?



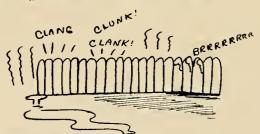




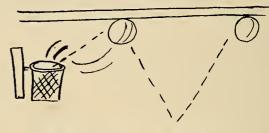
THE DESKS WHICH
SHOWED MANY FOREIGN
LANGUAGES AND MARKS —



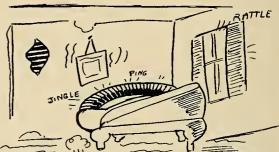
THE LABORATORY FROM
WHICH CAME FORTH SOUNDS
OF GREAT ACTIVITY —



REMEMBER THOSE
MUSICAL RADIATORS?



DHOSE CEILINGS THE BALL LOVED TO TOUCH ____



REMEMBER HOW THE ASSEMBLY HALL JUST TREMBLED WITH JOY WHEN OUR FEET PATTERED ACROSS IT ?



THE BOOKS WE WERE MOST FORTUNATE TO HAVE, WITH THEIR ANCIENT BACKGROUNDS -



SHARPENERS -



A GRIVITES





Left to right—N. Rosnell, M. Lundgren, H. Anderson, J. Leach, D. Thayer, G. Grippen, J. Willis, C. Bunker, N. Mazza, J. Caller, E. Burke, M. Marzelli.

The Senior Class Play

By Joan Caller

It certainly was a lot of fun rehearsing for, and being in our class play. I'm only sorry that it's all over, and that I'll graduate soon, and never have the chance to be in another Senior Class Play again. There are so many things, though, which I shall never forget during my experience of being in the play cast.

"The Mad Hatters. Wow! What a nutty family, what a wonderful cast, and what hilarious times we had back stage," is what I say to myself when I think about the Senior Class Play. OH! There are many things which I shall never forget about this play, and of the events that occurred during rehearsals, and during the playing nights of this comedy.

Could I ever forget the love scenes between Gigi, played by Jean Willis and Mugzie, played by Charles "Boyer" Bunker? Especially the scene where Charlie throws Jean over his shoulder, and almost misses every time. Well, could you?

Then there was the mad dash to change into different dresses between scenes and acts, while the boys played peek-a-boo. This matter would have been taken care of if someone had offered us the use of a screen, but no one had one. Oh! I shouldn't say that; Joe Hatter, played by Dave Thayer, offered us the use of his back door screen. Funny, though, no one seemed in favor of this idea.

Then, too, I'll never forget those fiery cat fights between the two rivals of the theatre, Margaret Hatter, played by Jane Leach, and Elizabeth Harrison, played by Marilyn Marzelli. Those two got so angry at each other at rehearsals that they must have felt like over-stuffed pin cushions, from the daggers they shot at each other. Gosh, I almost forgot to mention the most difficult task these two performed, which was that marvelous high-low dance they did. Keep it up, girls, you might be professionals someday. After all it's not everyone who can do a one, two, three step.

I shall never forget Angelica, the maid, played by Gerry Grippen. How could I ever forget that Spanish gypsy costume she wore, those castanets she played, and the phone call she received from her imaginary love, Mr. McGillicuddy? I'll always remember the laughs we got, when Gerry received a corsage after the play, from her one and only Mr. McGillicuddy.

How could I ever forget the last night of the play when the "No Fishing" sign fell down with a thundering crash, and made the whole audience go into an uproar, while the cast on stage turned a beautiful scarlet red? Then there was the scene where Joe Hatter caught the fishing hook in his pants, and also the skit we put on in school, where he got himself tangled up in the fishing creel. My advice to you, Dave, would be to join Mr. Jackson's Rod and Reel Club, so if you ever do go fishing you'll know enough to put the worm on the end of the hook. Oh yes, and those torrid love scenes between Henry Harrison, played by Eddie Burke, and Diana Hatter, played by yours truly, are really something to remember. Of course, these scenes were a success, only because of the expert coaching we received.

Now to top it off, I shall never forget the rest of the cast, who made this a successful and enjoyable play to be in. Netta Mazza, surely did a wonderful job in her portrayal of Grandma Hatter. Good thing you found those false teeth again, old girl; you might need them someday. To you Bunny Hatter, played by Howard Anderson, I give the prize award for not knocking the step ladder over, on the nights of the play, as you always managed to do at rehearsals. I guess you made it because your erstwhile sweetheart, Nancy Hayward, played by Marjorie Lundgren, with the help of the cast off stage, were holding their breath and repeating those famous words which go like this, "Our Father who are in Heaven." As for you, Clara Sheldon, the talent scout from Imperial Pictures, Inc., played by Nancy Rosnell, I extend my deepest sympathy for turning down your movie contract, but I simply won't accept anything less than Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

I guess you can all see now, that there are many, many things which I shall never forget during my experience in this play.

I'll especially remember these things: the cast, the fun we had together, and the coaches. To the cast, who are a wonderful bunch of kids, I want to extend my heartiest congratulations for your marvelous performances, on the nights of the play. I also want to thank them for the many laughs they gave me, for the hilarious fun we had together, and most of all, thanks for being the best group a school play ever had. Now to the coaches, Mrs. Veins and Miss Rylander, I take off my hat to you both, for your patient direction which made the Senior Play a success. Yep! even when I'm old and gray, I'll still remember this play, and don't any of you dare think I'll forget you either.

At The Prom . "



The Junior Prom

The night was lighted by the moon; the music was soft. It was the night we had dreamed of, May 22, 1949, our Junior Prom, which was held at the Canoe Club. The music was provided by George Uto and his orchestra. The evening was a great success with over one hundred fifty couples attending. During intermission the Junior girls presented a "never to be forgotten" Maypole Dance.

The Grand March was led by the class officers, and was very impressive with a variety of Spring colors displayed. After the march Betty Borges was chosen Prom Queen. She was escorted to her throne by head ushers, Gerry Grippen and Phyllis Dillenschneider. She was crowned by Mr. Grodin.

Patrons and patronesses for the evening were: Mr. and Mrs. Richard Grodin, Mr. and Mrs. Erland Thayer, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Turner, Mrs. James Leighton, Mrs. Philip Lyseth, Mrs. Emma Marzelli, and Miss Janice Rylander.

The Junior Plays

On April 8, 1949, the class of 1950 presented three one-act plays at the Town Hall. It was a very successful evening, and everyone enjoyed the three plays presented. The plays were well acted by the participants.

The first, "The Singapore Spider", was a thriller directed by Mr. Wm. Henry Moss. The cast included: David Thayer as Jason Harridew, the miser; Matt Harridew, Neil Manzer; Jim Meggs, Frank Rolfe; Mrs. Meggs, Geraldine Grippen; and Josie White, Betty Borges.

"The Trysting Place" was a fast moving comedy directed by Miss Janice Rylander. The cast was: Mrs. Curtis, Ruth Sawyer; Lancelot Briggs, Orvis Kinney; Mrs. Briggs, Ella Veronesi; Jessie, Eleanor Turner; Rupert Smith, Ronald Swanson; Mr. Ingoldsby, Howard Anderson; and the mysterious voice, Earl Carr.

"Saved By The Fate of Her Sister" was a real oldtime melodrama directed by Mrs. Evelyn Viens. The cast included: Mother, Pat Leighton; Father, Jack Sullivan; Jack Sterling, Edward Burke; Lily, Jean Willis; Little Boy, Bob May; Teresa, Jo Ann Welch; Bartender, Charles Bunker; and Desmond Dillingham Dorsay Delcalcomania, Dick May.

The Sadie Hawkins Dance

The Sadie Hawkins Dance was held March 20, 1949. It was the biggest success of the year with over fifty couples attending.

Everyone came in costume, and many were very original. After the Grand March, prizes for the most original outfits were awarded to Joan Caller and Harry Sawyer.

Records provided the music for the dance, and during the evening a Virginia Reel was enjoyed by everyone. The hall was decorated with many balloons. Posters of Little Abner, Daisy Mae, and Pappy Yokum were posted along the walls of the gymnasium to complete the decorations.

Everyone enjoyed the affair, and it proved to be a social and financial success.



First Row—E. Burke, R. Martin, F. Gummow, P. Leighton, R. May, N. Sherman, D. Thayer.
 Second Row—A. Ahlborg, D. Gummow, E. Noonan, R. Holden, M. Nickerson, and R. Martelli.

The Student Council

Student Council members entitled to permanent pins this year were: President Patricia Leighton, Vice President Richard May, Treasurer Fred Gummow, Secretary Nancy Sherman, David Thayer, Frank Perry, Robert Holden, and former members Marilyn Marzelli, Lee Caswell, and Neil Manzer. Other members were: Marjorie Cyr, Edward Burke, Ruth Martin, Elizabeth Noonan, Marilyn Nickerson, Roger Dow, Donald Gummow, Ann Ahlborg, and Rose Martelli.

The Student Council sponsored several dances, which it hopes will be annual affairs. Among these are: The Thanksgiving Day Dance, The Christmas Reunion Dance, and The Spring Dance. The council enacted various activities throughout the year for the benefit of the school. Eleanor Turner was in charge of the Social Calendar, Marjorie Cyr was elected to draw up a new constitution for the council, Eddie Burke sold candy during the home-room periods, and Howard High banners were sold by Robert Holden. The new public address system was under the supervision of the council members. Members of the council attended a meeting with the council members of East Bridgewater, Bridgewater, and Whitman in order to establish a fair way of operating Good Government Day in the four schools. The council with its successful activities proved to be very lively under the supervision of its faculty advisor, Mr. Grodin.

HONORS



GRADE 12

BEATRICE BORGES
MARJORIE CYR
PATRICIA LEIGHTON
MARJORIE LUNOGREN
MARJORIE LUNOGREN
MARZELLI
JEAN POIRIER
ELEANOR TURNER
JOHNE WELCH
JEAN WILLIS

GRADE 11
BARBARA BARROS
FAITH CUMMINGS
BEVERLY ENSHER
ELIZABETH LEACH
NEIL MANZER
RUTH MARTIN
RONALD SWANSON

GRADE 10

CAROL FILEXANDER
SUSAN FINES
BEATRICE GUMMON
ROBERT HOLDEN
CLYDE JOPLING
THEODORE FLENOE
ROBERT LEIGHTON
BARBARA WARD

GRADE 9
ROBERT DEMERS
MARILVIN TORDAN
SALLY MATHER
MARILYN NICKERSON
BARBARA PIERCE
MARY SANBORN
TO HINNE STAPLES

- HIGH HONORS -

ROBERT HOLDEN

The Football Dance

On October 1, 1949, the Senior Class of Howard High School held the annual Football Dance. The Westwood High School's football team and cheerleaders were the guests of the evening.

The Town Hall was gaily decorated in fall colors. Streamers and confetti colored the hall. There were pendants of various schools on the walls to add the finishing touches.

During intermission Darrell Manzer's orchestra provided entertainment featuring Grace Studor, who sang the current favorites. The Howard High cheerleaders led cheers for Westwood, and Westwood in return cheered for Howard.

The dance was a financial and social success.

The Junior Cabaret

On Saturady night, January 28, 1950, the Junior Class of Howard High sponsored a Cabaret Dance, the Club '51. It was held in the Unitarian Church, which was gaily decorated like a nightclub.

Dancing and refreshments were enjoyed but the highlight of the evening was the entertainment put on by the faculty directed by Mr. Howland. This included a drama of lighthouse life starring Captain Eben Hawkes, Desmund Rylander, and Jughead Viens. Next in line was a snappy song and dance routine by Mrs. Tufts, Mrs. Viens, and Misses Killen and Rylander. Another drama, from the old South, was very impressive. It starred Grandmaw Hawkes and Jughead Viens. The students were also represented by Jolly Jack Sullivan and his coconuts. Jackie Bucchino, Barbara Baker, and Mary Franz also performed.

A large crowd was on hand to make this dance one of the successful dances of the year.

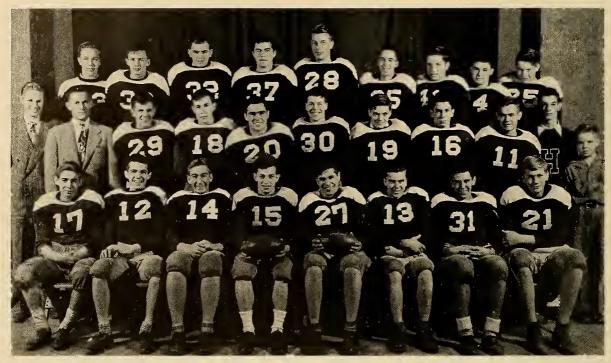
Saint Patrick's Day Dance

On March 17, 1950, the lads and lassies of Howard High celebrated the Day for the Irish, St. Patrick's Day, at the Unitarian Church.

The hall was decorated until it was as green as the Emerald Isles. There were shamrocks, shillalahs, and Blarney galore. Carol Kohl charmed the audience with a medley of songs on the accordian. Jack Sullivan entertained with the traditional Irish songs. A farce, "Little Nell" was presented by Geraldine Grippen, Nancy Lyseth, Eleanor Turner, and Lee Caswell. The Irish Mystery Man was revealed to be Mr. Winthrop Jackson, who sang "When Clancy Lowered The Boom".

The committee included Carol Kohl, Ruth Sawyer, Marilyn Marzelli, Eleanor Turner, Patricia Leighton, and Nancy Sherman.

POR



Front row-Bob May, Thayer, Kehoe, Moreira, Bunker, Charles Grippen, Sullivan, Johnson.

Second row-Coaches Howland and Pauli, Burke, Gummow, Perry, Howe, Carr, Souza, May, Chaves, Keith.

Third row-Galliger, Kinney, Noyes, Cogswell, Swanson, Barnes, Grippen, Leighton, Sherman.

The 1949 Football Season

The Howard High School eleven compiled the finest record in its five years of football history this season with six wins and three losses. Coach Pauli's offensive-minded maroon and white chalked up 132 points to 83 for the opponents in the nine games played. In no game were the Paulimen held scoreless.

The highest scorers for the Howard High School eleven were Frank Perry and Junior Scatback Joe Souza. Frank started to roll at the beginning of the season, but it wasn't until the Nantucket game that Joe caught fire. The boy who made Howard's T-formation click is Fred Gummow. Fred proved himself a smooth ball handler, a clever signal caller, and an excellent blocker. Earl Carr and Dick May proved to be capable at half-back and quarterback respectively.

Four varsity linemen, Co-Captain Charles Bunker and Dave Thayer, tackles, and Co-Captain Eldon Moreira and Charles Grippen, guards, played their last season for the Howard High eleven. Charles Grippen recovered sixteen fumbles this season to bring several victories to Howard.

Next year's Maroon and White will be led by Frank Perry and Fred Gummow, recently elected grid Co-Captains.

The 1949 record:

Howard	7	Dighton	94	Howard	6 — Cohassett	7
Howard	7 —	Oliver An	nes 0	Howard	45 — Millis	12
Howard	6 —	Hanover	2	Howard	6 — Westwood	13
TT	10	NT414	C	Harmand	0 Manah C. 1.1	
noward	19 —	Nantucket	6	noward	8 — Marshfield	O
LI arras mal	91	Manus andh	20			
noward	Z1 —	Yarmouth	20			



Seated left to right—E. Turner, P. Leighton, Captain M. Marzelli, D. Chaves, N. Mazza, and J. Willis.

Standing—Student Manager B. Barros, J. Merchant, N. Rosnell, B. Asack, Coach Viens.

Standing—Student Manager B. Barros, J. Merchant, N. Rosnell, B. Asack, Coach Viens, J. Welch, G. Grippen, and L. Caswell.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The Howard High girls' basketball team enjoyed a perfect season, scoring eleven triumphs without a single setback. A spirited, experienced squad, plus Coach Roger Viens' insistence upon precision and teamwork proved an unbeatable combination.

The Maroon and White sextet started slowly, edging the Alumnae 19—14. After this game, the team began to get rolling. They won their second game from Stetson High of Randolph 26—11. In their next two games they had an esay time defeating Sumner High of Holbrook 41—25 and Norton High 26—13. In this game with Norton the Maroon and White had to come from behind to win from a highly inspired Norton team. Coach Viens' sextet was especially effective in its defensive work, as it held the Norton girls to three baskets and seven foul shots. Once again the Howard Sextet had an easy time winning as they beat Avon 41—21, and Sumner 42—31. After the first game with Rockne, which Howard won 31—30 with a last minute basket, the Howard girls sank Nantucket 32—13 for their tenth in a row. Only a second meeting with Rockne stood between the Maroon and White and a perfect season. Like true champs the Howard girls came through again 43—39. This game was another thriller as was the first.

Barbara Asack, forward, has been chosen captain for next year.

The season's totals show Howard garnering 362 points to 237 for its opponents. Behind the impressive totals lies the real story, capable coaching and a team that was experienced, enthusiastic, and determined.



First Row left to right—Zeuli, Kehoe, Kinney, Cogswell, Benson, Captain Johnson, Sullivan, Chaves, Swanson, and Burke.

Second Row—Coach Pauli, Foye, Chadwick, Johnson, Manzer, May, Souza, May, Leighton, Sawyer, Poirier, and MacLeod.

Third Row—Demers, Boyd, Foubert, Pratt, Perkins, MacDonald, Howe, Sherbourne, Grippen, and Turner.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Coached by Walter K. Pauli, the Howard High quintet ended in fifth place in the Mayflower League. By the first game the boys looked as if they had a great team with plenty of teamwork and fine defensive work. They won this game from the Alumni 25—22. As they traveled to Marshfield for their next game, the team was in high spirits and was confident of winning, but Marshfield was too much for them and the Howard boys lost 18—48. This game seemed to set the boys on the wrong foot, because they lost their next two games to Plainville 46—57 and to Bridgewater 28—57. When they met Avon, the two teams were equal and the Howard boys came out on top, winning 46—36. The boys then lost to Holbrook 38—54; Hanover 42—66; Norton 39—49. They then gained another win over their arch-rivals, East Bridgewater 47—46. They upset Plainville 57—50 to prove that they were a match for any team. The Plainville win was too much for our boys because after this they went down to three straight defeats: to Bridgewater 33—37; Avon 29—46; Holbrook 41—56. They staged a comeback to win from Nantucket 48—39; and Norton 49—45; which was a thrilling game. The Howard boys lost their last game to East Bridgewater 58—68.

The team entered the tournament with the thoughts that they were going to win the Class B title. It looked as if their dreams were going to come true, because they beat Scituate High 47—25. The next team to come was Bridgewater. The boys thought they had Lady Luck on their side, but fate proved differently. The Bridgewater club beat the Howard boys 47—25. This ended the basketball season of 1950.

Amos Chaves was elected captain for next year.

CHEERLEADERS



First Row left to right - A. Cavacus, J. Bucchino, B. Grippen, E. Turner.

Second Row - A. Emery, L. Caswell, Head Cheerleader E. Veronesi, J. Merchant, and

E. Noonan

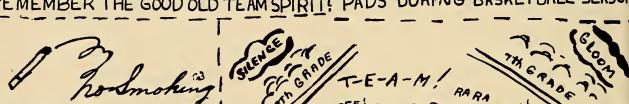
GIRLS' JUNIOR VARSITY BASKETBALL TEAM



Seated left to right - M. Franz, C. Welch, M. Sanborn, N. Hollertz, and J. Bucchino. Standing - B. Chaves, A. Cavacus, C. Hambly, Coach Viens, C. Gurney, M. Cochrane, and A. Cyr.

HESE SPORTS OF OURS





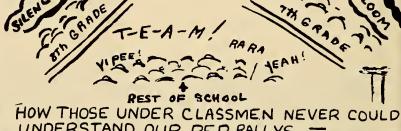
BASKETBALL, BASEBAL AND FOOTBALL SEASONS?



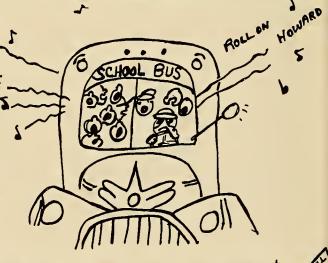
REMEMBER GIRLS



MAROONED AT NANTUCKET !!

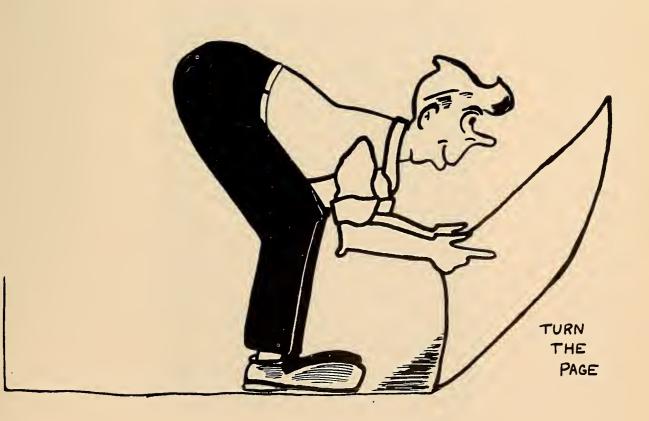


UNDERSTAND OUR PEP RALLYS



WE MUST HAVE WON THIS GAME!

OTHES CLASSES



THE JUNIOR CLASS



CLASS OFFICERS



THE SOPHOMORE CLASS



CLASS OFFICERS



THE FRESHMAN CLASS



CLASS OFFICERS



THE EIGHTH GRADE



CLASS OFFICERS



THE SEVENTH GRADE



CLASS OFFICERS



ABOUT THE SCHOOL















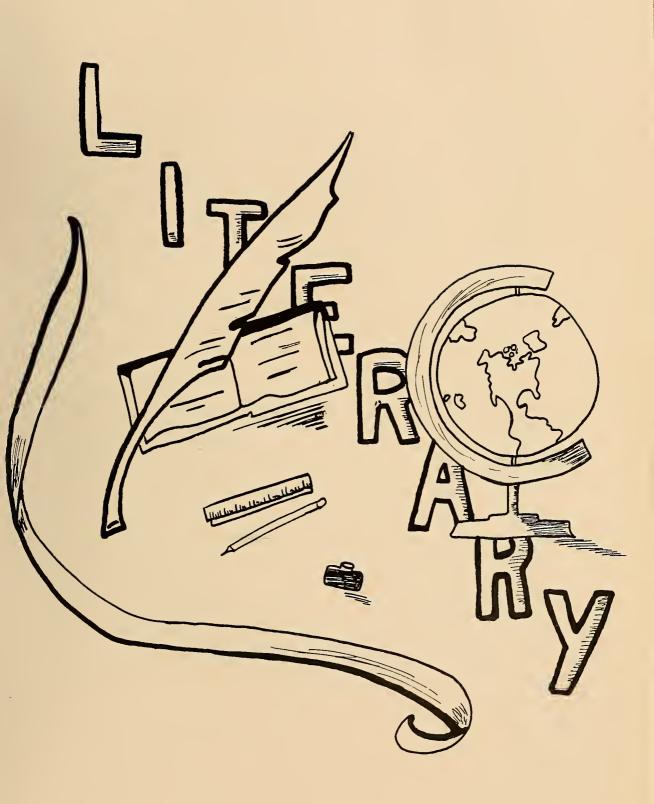






HERE AND THERE...





Editorial -- to the Undergraduates

The philosophers tell us that half a century is no more than a mere tick of the clock. Well, maybe it is. But if it has been only a moment, this imagination—defying span of years between 1900 and 1950, it's been a tremendous moment, that's sure. In a sudden, spontaneous burst of the fireworks of human accomplishment, fifty years has brought forth the automobile, the airplane, radio, television, sulphur, and the most spectacular triumph of man over nature since the beginning of the earth.

Yet if the pieces of progress could be weighed and measured, a deceptively modest, rather plainfaced achievement might outdistance all the rest. It is this: now more than one out of every two girls and boys receive high school diplomas, while in 1900 only one out of every fifteen teenagers became high school graduates.

We, above all, know that this no cold statistic, because we are the flesh and blood of it. But who ever thought that it would be a turning point in American history, or that it could be the best news the world ever had? For out of this new, great, young community of enlightenment could come more noble achievements of the mind and spirit than man has ever dared to dream. In a world of understanding, prejudice and hostility could melt like snow. The comprehending minds of men could work out the not-impossible formula for everlasting peace.

You undergraduates are like children in front of a movie screen—too close to see clearly the shape of it. Stand away from it and take advantage of your opportunities. For wherever a school exists, here exists the opportunity to find out. Here in one place, at one time, exists the priceless equipment for the great adventure of intellect. Here, undergraduates, is your chance of a lifetime to become the best, most effective human being you can—for your own good. So while you're still in school, take advantage of all your opportunities—your interested teachers, your precious privilege of exploration in and out of books, your own inquiring mind. And ten years from now you will find not hunger in vain for the "feast of reason", the deeply fulfilling banquet of wisdom, that you turned away from when it was spread so lavishly before you.

Marilyn Marzelli, Editor

A MODERN CASEY

The inning was the last one,
The score was two to three;
Two men were out, three men were on;
That left it up to me.

The pitcher threw a knuckle ball, It broke around the knees; I thought I'd take a better pitch And bother not with these.

The next pitch was a fast ball; My'swing spun me around. But when my senses cleared again, The ball was on the mound.

I hit the next one on a line And all began to howl, But as I rounded second base, The umpire hollered, "Foul!"

A sweeping curve was next in line. My discontentment grew, Because this was the deadliest Of any pitch he threw

I saw it breaking over
And swung with might and main;
But when the catcher caught the ball,
I knew it was in vain.

"The game is lost!" "It's all your fault!" I heard the people shout.
But I really didn't feel so bad
'Cause Casey, too, struck out.

Neil Manzer, Grade Eleven

HOWARD HIGH

We had a little school once, Away upon a hill, And though it is no longer there, Its mem'ry lingers still.

And now that it is over, The hungry flames well fed, We all must come to realize That Howard is not dead.

Now that the smoke has cleared away, Mere bricks in the ruins lie; What's living is more precious, For we are Howard High.

Carol Kohl, Grade Twelve

MOTHER EARTH

White, so white, the desert sands,
Deep, so deep, the ocean wide,
High the mountains stretch their hands,
Deep the canyon, steep in side;
Pleasant valleys, level plains,
The trees and grass so green,

Rivers that cut away the earth,
A solemn grandeur in their mien;
Stony fields and hilly woods—

Stony fields and hilly woods—
God's gifts, of eternal worth,
By Him blended into one
Spacious thing: this, our Mother Earth.

Anthony Zeuli, Grade Eleven

Trees in Winter

There is nothing more bare or bleak than a tree in winter. Its reaching branches, without their summer cloak of green and lively leaves, symbolize death. The withered fingers, reaching for the unattainable, lose all life as the winter progresses. Winds pluck brittle limbs, playing a weird and eerie tune, and every once in a while a lively branch is twisted too far and falls to the ground, to show its finery no more. The tree sways a little and seems not to notice the gaping tear where, since its youth, a limb had been. Again the strengthening wind plays on the branches with a different melody and flows through the hole where the finger of a bony hand had been. The palm of the hand, showing a new scar across its life line, will heal little by little till there is hardly any evidence of the limb's once proud presence; but now the gash is raw.

By the side of this skeleton, there stands a tall and mighty evergreen. It seems to mock the poor tree beside itself. It looks warm and contented, having full finery all through the year. The evergreen bows even more in the wake of the cold winter wind than the bony skeleton beside it. Its proud branches swaying to and fro cling with difficulty to the trunk, but the flowing sap keeps the limbs from growing too brittle, and they bend into incredible and grotesque forms before an oncoming storm. Small birds, who use the tree as a warm shelter during all winter storms gather among its needles.

And now the whole forest is lost in an awesome silence as a storm bears down upon the sea of neighboring trees. Bits of frosty crystal flow through the hole in the bony hand. The sky darkens into an ocean of stinging white particles. The only noises are the sighing of the wind and the continuous spat of snow against the tree trunks. The particles are now wet and sticky, clinging to branches and twigs, adding more weight with every flake. Daylight disappears quickly, and soon the woods are engulfed in the soft shadows of night. Everything is white as the snow covers up the branches of the fallen limb. The fingers droop and sag, trying to shake off the clinging weight. Two fingers of the hand touch the evergreen, as the trees bend toward each other, forming a cave as they bend further and further. In the distance a grinding crash is heard. A tree, tiring of its burden, has given up. Our two trees, acting as a support for each other, seem to be having little trouble in holding up their burden. The snow rushes down in larger and wetter flakes, piling inches upon inches of snow on the leaning trees. The night drags on, and finally the snow stops. As the first bit of daylight breaks, the last of the clouds rush over the horizon, leaving the most beautiful scenery of winter.

The sun rises upon a never more amazing transformation. Millions of diamonds glisten over the flowing blanket of white. Inside our little cave all sounds are smothered. The branches, weighted down with snow, take on a beauty never excelled by any mortal works. They form a chapel not to be worshipped in by man, but where the presence of God can be felt. Only He could order such a captivative bit of heaven to be hinted at on earth. Small birds weave in and out across the beams of light which penetrate the overhanging branches. At the very center of the cave a small tree is just one mound of snow, forming an altar. A brilliant flow of light falls upon this spot, and it excels all light around it. If you follow this beam, you see that it flows right through the missing finger of the bony hand. A small bird lands upon this altar, and as if sensing an unseen power, flies to the top of the evergreen tree. Even so delicate a touch disturbs the balance of the weighted branch, and there is suddenly a whole avalanche as the evergreen shakes its burden off and snaps back to its normal position. The bony hand follows and slowly itself up. The snow falls on the altar, destroying its smooth cover, and revealing the bare limbs of the dead finger. A lone chirp is heard as silence settles again.

Ronald Swanson, Grade Eleven

It's Fun to Be Poor

When I speak of being poor, I don't necessarily mean povertystricken or destitute; I mean the financial status of the average wage earner who brings home a pay envelope which, if treated with respect and stretched to its utmost limits, will feed, clothe, and house an average family of five or six, and a dog. In this kind of family there is always a dog!

A poor family usually has a share-the-work program. One person can't possibly do all the work, so everyone has to pitch in and help. This can lead to amusing situations. Now in such families the dog is the responsibility of the person who owns him; and Mother gets mighty tired of having to brush dog hairs off the furniture. I remember my brother's being called in from playing baseball to clean a chair on which the dog had taken a siesta. Dick promptly went out, stating that the job had been completed. Later it was discovered that the swiftness of the operation had come about because he had merely turned the cushion over with the clean side up. He hadn't shirked his duty; he had just taken a short cut.

Although we were lucky enough to each have his own room we still argued over the cleaning of these rooms. And I will always remember my brothers going at it hammer and tongues.

"Hey! Come and get your socks out of my room."

"Yeah! Well what's your dirty shirt doing in my room?"
But the room that occasioned the most controversy was the bathroom. No matter how many days or weeks ahead of time we knew the whole family was going out, we all waited until an hour before leaving to take baths, brush our teeth, and frantically search for something to wear.

"Take my shoes out and shine them. Please!"

"Run upstairs and get my suit."

"My socks got a hole in them."

"I haven't got a clean shirt."

"My pants need to be pressed."

"Ma!" And so it goes.

Our house always seemed like a miniature menagerie, for there was always a stray kitten or puppy roaming about. At sight of one of these homeless strays the shout was always, "Don't feed it, and it will go away." But someone always fed it, and it always wound up staying on at our house. Once my little brother came home with a small gray kitten. When asked how it had arrived, he replied that it followed him home. After being probed with more questions he finally said, "It jumped on my shoulder, and wouldn't get off, so I had to bring it home. Didn't I?"

Wednesday usually found us "living on a shoestring" for the main and simple reason that we got paid on Thursday. We habitually ate leftovers and peanut butter sandwiches on these days; but the leftovers, because of my mother's skilled cooking, seldom tasted like leftovers.

No matter how much we scrimped and saved for something we had our hearts set on, the unexpected always happened. The wind would blow the shingles off the roof, the horseless chariot would need sparkplugs, or one of us would go to the doctor. But then, "Most blessings in disguise are painfully slow in unmasking."

Whenever it rained, the roof leaked, and we would scamper downstairs and find the drip pails, then fly back upstairs and set the pans under the leaks. When we got up in the morning we had to be careful not to step in one of those pans. This surely would have been an eyeopener. Of course, being poor, we never had sufficient funds to hire professional carpenters, masons, and plumbers, so we endeavored to make all repairs ourselves. Once in particular, I remember, we decided to take out an old closet, which we called "The Glory Hole", and make a doorway to the otherside of the house without going via New York. Father brought home the plaster trowel one night, and the whole family gathered around to help pull down "The Glory Hole". We hammered and banged till we thought we'd wake the dead. Finally plaster showered down upon us. We knocked the lathes and main supports out, then we shoveled up the mess and began the arduous task of plastering the gaping hole left by our too strenuous efforts. When we finally got the slimy white mess to stick to the lathes, and it dried for a few hours, we noticed it beginning to crack. Father said this was due to the heat, which caused it to dry out too fast. We shut off the heat and three days we had the garden sprinkler in the kitchen spraying the walls sporadically to keep them from drying out too quickly. The results were astonishing, and if anyone saw us swaggering about, it was only because the satisfactions of a job well done was too great to keep inside.

Every March we decided that we would have a garden and grow bushels of vegetables to can in the fall so that we might save money the following winter. Every April we would spade the ground and buy seeds; May found us planting and waiting patiently for the seeds to sprout; by June we had started weeding; in July the weeds persisted in spite of all our efforts; by August we had eaten almost everything; and in September we gave the rest away; October the shelves were bare. We hadn't canned a thing, but we had firm resolution for the next year.

One summer we went to the Boy Scout Camp, where my brother was spending a few weeks. When we arrived, the sky was overcast and soon afterwards it began to rain. The rain postponed the events in which my brother was to participate, and dejectedly we turned back home. Creeping back along the road we spotted some clumps of blueberry bushes, with the plumpest fruit we had ever seen hanging on them. Right there we stopped the car and all clambered out to pick the fruit in the pouring rain. Our meagre pickings hardly sufficed to make a pint of blueberries, but we went home and had blueberry muffins and coffee for supper, never thinking of the colds and pneumonia we might have caught.

Yes! It's fun to be poor.

By Mary Cochrane, Grade Eleven

SCHOOL DAYS

School in September we remember with pleasure, Those football days we'll always treasure; Classes are fun, and the days quickly done, Ah, those golden days in September.

A school day in June is ne'er over too soon, Those hot, stuffy classrooms we loathe; The teachers bore, and quickly get "sore" When we in classes do loaf.

June Metcalf, Grade Twelve

THE SOLDIER

Another life for freedom paid,
Another soul is spent;
The dust of time will hide the sear,
Will soften our lament.
So many oceans had he sailed,
And all the world grew dim.
It was not he who failed
When duty called to him.
He saw the work of ages bare,
The toil of man in waste;
Though earthly being is no more,
He saw his Master's face.

Roger Coelho, Grade Eleven

IS IT SPRING?

Butterflies and bees are a Spring sign, Also the daffodill and honeysuckle vine; Boys playing marbles, girls skipping rope, Dogs walking with a lazy lope.

Everyone wonders if it really is Spring, Or if old Winter will return with a zing. Grass smelling sweet as new mown hay, Bright sun, blue sky, a beautiful day!

Spring will not be here for sure Until the hornets are more instead of fewer. I hope that Spring has really come, For I hate cold winds that make me numb.

Nancy Lyseth, Grade Twelve



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